

Weymouth Gazette

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, AT WEYMOUTH, MASS.
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JOHN P. DAILY, BUSINESS AGENT.
OFFICE: 100 FINE PRINTING & LITHOGRAPHY.
BY MAIL: 100 FINE PRINTING & LITHOGRAPHY.
FRIDAY, NOV. 5, 1877.

The Puzzle Question.

Mr. Editor:—Prior to the issue of last week's GAZETTE I was informed by letter from an advocate of the puzzle that he should attempt to vindicate it therein by diagrams and explanations. He appeared to be positive of success, and I hoped he would try, because the diagrams would aid thereafter in exploding the puzzle. But seeing that you have found an "opening" in the puzzle, and through it have let in a flood of light upon the subject, I only wish to add that those figures exhibit the following results:

1st. The paper 8x8 inches, when cut for the purpose of making 512 inches, will consist of 4 pieces: 2 measuring exactly 8 inches on one side, 3 inches on another, and about 1-2 inches on the other—their being 8 sided. The other 2 measuring exactly 8 inches on one side, 5 inches on another side, and 3 inches on the other—their being 4 sided.

2d. These four pieces, if the outside edges are placed fully out to 8x8 inches, will show an oblique opening, as stated in the last GAZETTE, exactly 1/4 of an inch wide in its centre, three inches measuring across, and from thence tapering to a point at each of two outside corners: this opening is exactly equal to one square inch.

3d. The width of each triangular piece at 8 inches from their points, where the 3 inch sides are in the 8x8 form, is only 1/4 inch; making the entire width of these two pieces only 1/2 inch; therefore there is a loss or lack of 1/4 of a square inch between those two pieces, and a further loss or lack of 5/8 of a square inch between that section and the two ends—making exactly one square inch and no more.

4th. To prove the foregoing more thoroughly let us try the good old "Single Rule of Three" on the triangular pieces. If in going 8 inches (64 one eighths) from the points we gain 3 inches, (24 one eighths) how much will we gain by going 5 inches, (40 one eighths)? Answer: As 64 is to 24 as 40 is to 15-15/8 eighths equal 1 inch and 1/8. And again: If in going (48 eighths) from the 8 inch ends we lose 24 eighths, how much would we lose in going 24 eighths? Answer: As 64 is to 24 as 40 is to 15-15/8 eighths equal 1 inch and 1/8. This proves conclusively, by honest figures, that at the points named the triangular pieces have lost 1 and 1/8 inches from the 3 inches, and that but 1 and 1/8 inches remains.

5th. If the proposition had been, to so cut and change an oblong square 5x13 inches (65 square inches) as to make a perfect square 8x8 inches, (64 square inches) it would have been much more difficult to find out and determine exactly where the 1 square inch in excess of 64 inches was gone to than it is to solve the first given case; because there would be but 1-13th of an inch in excess of 8 inches in any of the cross measurements: an amount so small as to be almost imperceptible to the keenest eye. The excess would be 1-13th of an inch for 8 inches on one side, and 1-13th of an inch for 5 inches on another side—making exactly one square inch and no more.

Very Respectfully,
E. S. BEALS.

Political.

At the conference of the Republican committee at Quincy last Monday, it was agreed to nominate two Representatives from Weymouth and one from Quincy, for the coming election. Among the candidates "talked of" we learn that William B. Worcester, Esq., is a favorite at Quincy, while in Weymouth the renomination of the Representatives of last year is agitated. A number of gentlemen who believe in rotation, have urged the nomination of Saml W. Reed, Esq., of the Landing, and his name will no doubt be presented at the caucus this evening. H. H. Faxon, Esq., of Quincy, has issued a circular with a ticket heading attached, in which he says: "There being quite a number of candidates who are willing to represent the Town in the next General Court, it is of the greatest importance that every voter should attend, and decide for himself, by his vote, who is fitted for that important position."

Let every Republican fill out the blank vote annexed, with the name of some man who will honor not only himself but the Town, should be elected. If the voters do their duty by attending the caucus, it will stop the howling of those disgruntled politicians, who, when they cannot get off, cry out RINGS, and make a great bluster about everything being "cut and dried."

The nominations of the various conventions for county officers have been made as follows:

Representative.—Elias C. Wood, of Canton, for Sheriff; James Humphrey of Weymouth, County Commissioner; John C. Adams, of Quincy and George P. Morton of Walpole, special commissioners; James B. Tirrell of Quincy, George W. Wiggins of Franklin, and Emory Grover of Needham, commissioners of Insolvency; Asa French of Braintree, district attorney. District Committee.—Henry O. Hildreth of Hyde Park, E. A. Hunt of Weymouth, W. E. Mason of Franklin, Bradford Lewis of Walpole and Geo. Downes of Canton.

Prohibitory.—Rufus C. Wood of Canton, for Sheriff; Edward Davis of Hyde Park, for District Attorney, and Ezra Conant of Randolph, for County Commissioner.

Democratic.—For Sheriff—Augustus B. Endicott of Canton; county commissioner—James M. Freeman of Franklin; special commissioners—W. F. Follen of Medway, and Z. L. Dickson of Weymouth; town commissioners—John F. Kilton, D. G. Hill of Dedham and W. G. A. Patten of Quincy; district attorney—J. C. Kotter of Hyde Park.

The Second Council District Democratic Convention nominated Hon. William Appleway of Brookline as the candidate for councillor. It was decided that the next Council District Convention should be held in Boston. Messrs. G. A. Shaw of Boston, W. Patten of Quincy, W. F. Fisher of Dedham, G. M. Murray of Taunton and H. E. Fales of Milford, were chosen a district committee.

Bushrod Morse, of Sharon, has been nominated for Senator, by the Prohibitionist Senatorial Convention.

Memorial.

Mr. A. C. Munroe, of Brockton, has filed an elaborate petition in music last Monday when he asked "Who can read what a note?" "A note is a written promise to pay money or merchandise for value received."

TOWN AND VICINITY.

The attempt to rectify the boundaries of Weymouth West by re-annexing to the town of Weymouth the lands of the Weymouth and several owners of the lines, which it is said to prove that fences and walls on the west side at some points project into the highway, while on the east side the shutters are entitled to move their lines of fence farther out. In order to secure a determination of proper boundaries, a petition was to be sent to the Board of County Commissioners, praying the board to view the highway, and locate the west boundary on the line of the wall enclosing the Weston estate, thence in a straight course to Broad street. We learn from Mr. John O. Foye that in the original location of the western boundary a stone post at the north end of his front fence was taken as an initial point, which was an error, as the true line projected from the corner of the post. This change in his front line would bring it on a line with the wall below. From the west boundary the Commissioners will be requested to fix the width of the street at sixty feet, which will give several of the shutters on the east side an extension of their front yards, and also cut into the bank in front of the Pierce estate.

Notes.

The Weymouth Committee for the preservation of the Old South will meet on Tuesday, November 6th, at the house of Elias Richards Esq., at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Accident.

Mr. Thomas Lord, a real estate agent of Boston, was driving through Commercial St. last Sunday, on his way to M. M. Hodgman's place, when an axle of his carriage broke, and he was thrown out, breaking his left leg and two ribs. A messenger was dispatched for Dr. Tinkham, who was soon in attendance, and skillfully adjusted the fracture.

Miss Georgia E. Cavan.

Miss GEORGIA E. CAVAN, who gives the next entertainment in the Lecture Course, is a young lady of whom it has been said, "That for a bright and interesting entertainment in real truth, with acute vocal imitations, she has but few equals. At the Centennial, last year, she was employed to give readings in the Mass. State Building. It is not uncommon for her to be re-engaged several times, indeed, so great is her popularity, that she has been hired to sing in a single concert. The Boston Traveller says of her, "This gifted young lady who so rapidly came into public favor, gave a reading last evening to a very large audience. That she has remarkable talents is a matter beyond question. She held her audience as few artists are able who have been long before the public. She no sooner commences her programme than she wins an audience, and her voice, with a rich and powerful voice, most fascinating manner, an entire absence of affectation, she succeeds wherever she reads."

Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Anna Gertrude Reed, daughter of Hon. Wm. L. Reed, of South Abington, to Geo. E. Keith, Esq., of Cape Cod, took place Oct. 29, a large company of friends and relatives being present, and lasting merriment and costly gifts. The ceremony took place at 2 o'clock P. M., at the residence of Mr. Reed, the house being brilliantly and lavishly decorated with floral emblems. Miss Reed's mother was a native of South Weymouth, her maiden name being Chessman.

Located.

Mr. Geo. R. Davis, of the Central Bank, etc., in order to obviate all objection to the slaughtering business in proximity to dwellings, has erected a slaughter-house on a piece of land on the south side of Broad, near Spring street, opposite the post house.

Violations.

The remaining visitations of Deputy Henry Kingman and suit to the Lodge of the B. M. of the District, occur as follows: Old Colony, Dedham, Nov. 6. Saml. Scituate, Nov. 7. Rural, Quincy, Nov. 12. Orleans Hope, East Weymouth, Nov. 15. Delta, Weymouth, Nov. 19. Paul Revere, Brockton, Nov. 22.

Narrow Gauge Railroad.

About fifty persons from Boston, Hingham, Scituate and Weymouth, met in the city last week to consider the subject of constructing a narrow gauge railway from Boston through Quincy, Weymouth, Hingham, Hull, Cohasset, Scituate, Marshfield, and to some convenient point near Cape Cod in the town of Duxbury. A committee of nine was appointed to form the organization of the company, as follows: B. C. Bartlett and S. T. Snow, Boston; John Federhan, Quincy; M. M. Hodgman, Weymouth; George Cushing, Hingham; Washington Brown, Cohasset; E. J. Jenkins, Scituate; Frederick Ames, Marshfield; Oliver B. Briggs, Duxbury. The same committee was appointed a committee to solicit subscriptions.

Nefarious.

Mr. Charles Bradford and several others who were returning home from Weymouth Landing, late last Monday, were fired upon by parties secreted around the post house, some of the shot striking the carriage. We learn that the first named parties have purchased revolvers of Mr. James P. Pratt, and intend to give the shooters a warm reception if they are troubled again.

P. L. C. Lecture.

Col. Homer B. Sprague, of the Boston Normal School, delivered his very interesting lecture entitled "John Milton" in the P. L. C. Lecture Course last Monday evening. The lecture evinced careful study, and a thorough understanding of the facts; but, owing to the peculiar nature of the discourse, your correspondent is unable to furnish an abstract, though it was delivered in a most interesting and polished manner. Col. Sprague has certainly lost the last reputation of a superior orator.

Mr. Alpheus Bates.

Mr. ALPHEUS BATES presided at the organ and gave a fine selection of choice music. At the previous lecture Mr. Frank O. Nash officiated as organist, with his usual skill and taste.

Boats.

Your yachtsmen are fast preparing their yachts for their winter quarters. Owing to the absence of a number of the smaller crafts are being drawn up earlier than usual.

What is a Note?

The principal of one of our grammar schools is very fond of music and endeavors to inculcate the same appreciation in the minds of his pupils. He was hearing the school in a short lesson in music last Monday when he asked "Who can read what a note?" "A note is a written promise to pay money or merchandise for value received."

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Recovering.

Mr. Dr. Forsyth has been dangerously ill during the past week, with cholera, but we learn that there is now a favorable change and hopeful prospects of his recovery.

New Dwelling.

The frame of the new two-story dwelling of Mr. W. K. Baker, now erecting on Richmond St., is up and the house is being boarded.

Gauchois.

At the Prohibitory Caucus Wednesday evening, no nominations were made, it being left to a committee, who yesterday reported the names of William C. Adams, of Quincy, and Jacob Baker, of Weymouth, and the names of the General Court.

At the Democratic Caucus held last evening, Z. L. Dickson, Esq., and W. W. Burke, Esq., were nominated as representatives to the General Court.

Change in Location.

The South Shore Railroad station has been moved five feet south from its former location. We understand that the office is to be removed and placed in the north part of the building, which will save station agents a long walk to the main track up and down—a much needed change.

Sad Accident.

Some illness has resolved a severe shock in the disappearance and uncertainty of the fate of one of our most esteemed fellow-citizens, Mr. Robert Mills, who left his home Tuesday morning to attend to his usual business of selling fruit trees, shrubs, etc., and collecting money for the same for R. G. Chase & Co., managers of Geneva, N. Y., for whom he has acted as agent for a considerable length of time, during which his services have given entire satisfaction. The last account of him was given by Mr. Martin Stoddard, who visited Plymouth that morning and found him on the train. He left him at the depot in Plymouth, where, since that time, no search has proved unavailing, no further trace of his whereabouts being obtained, and fears are entertained of foul play, as he had somewhere between \$75 and \$100 in money about his person at the time of his disappearance. The family are terribly grief-stricken at their affliction, and feel the blow all the more keenly on account of the uncertainty attached to his fate. Wednesday, his son, Edward Mills, visited the Company's Boston office to ascertain if anything had been heard from the missing man, but could learn nothing new in regard to the case. At the time of his departure he was dressed in a light grey dress coat, dark overcoat, dark pants, and wore a black "derby" hat. He had light side whiskers, mixed with grey and light hair, "cut close"; was about five feet six inches in height, stout build. The family have the sympathy of the entire village in their affliction.

Anniversary.

The anniversary of Delphi Council, No. 1, of Weymouth, occurred last Saturday night, at Temple Hall, Chief of Council, George W. Dyer, presiding, about sixty being present. The Chief made a lengthy and interesting review of the past year's work, and was

Weymouth Gazette

BRAINTREE REPORTER.

VOL. 11. NO. 11

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, NOV. 9, 1877.

NO. 28.

TEAS! TEAS! TEAS!

OOLONG, JAPAN AND ENGLISH BREAKFAST

TEAS!

35 CENTS PER POUND!

50 CENTS PER POUND!

60 CENT OOLONG AND JAPAN TEAS

OUR NEW CROP FORMOSA AND JAPAN TEAS

75 CENTS PER POUND!

FLOUR! FLOUR!

PATENT PROCESS FLOURS!

TAYLOR'S BEST!

Ground from all New Wheat.

TAYLOR'S FLOUR!—everybody buys it!

PORTO RICO MOLASSES, AT 50 CENTS PER GALLON.

WHAT \$1.00 WILL BUY!

13 lbs. Best New Currants.	\$1 00	11 lbs. New Raisins.	\$1 00
9 lbs. Best Muscatel Raisins.	1 00	3 lbs. English Breakfast Tea.	1 00
5 lbs. Best New Citron.	1 00	3 lbs. Good Japan Tea.	1 00
24 lbs. Good St. Louis Flour.	1 00	24 lbs. Strictly Pure Cream Tartar.	1 00
30 lbs. Best Graham Flour.	1 00	16 lbs. Bread Soda.	1 00
12 lbs. Best Carolina Rice.	1 00	7 lbs. Pure Ginger.	1 00
13 lbs. Best Flake Tapioca.	1 00	4 lbs. Pure Mustard.	1 00
15 lbs. Louisiana Rice.	1 00	5 lbs. Pure Allspice.	1 00
14 lbs. Crackers.	1 00	5 lbs. Pure Peppery.	1 00
13 quarts Best Medium Beans.	1 00	6 papers Cox's Gelatine.	1 00
3 lbs. Prime Oolong Tea.	1 00	6 papers Nelson's Gelatine.	1 00
3 lbs. Prime Coffee.	1 00	9 lbs. New French Prunes.	1 00
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GEO. W. WARREN, with GEO. H. RICHARDS, DEALER IN MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS, 24 AND 25 COT SQUARE, BOSTON.

M. FRENCH, Jr., DEATH IN STOVES, RANGES, CARPET SWEEPERS, Etc.

TIN ROOFING AND JOBBING DONE TO ORDER.

Clothes Wringers Repaired.

Henry L. Thayer, Livery Stable AND BOARDING, Washington Square, WEYMOUTH, 27th St.

HAY and STRAW FOR SALE.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND, first quality Hay and Straw, for sale at wholesale and retail, by BARKER & BROWN, 100 Weymouth, April 10, 1877.

FOR TEN DOLLARS.

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CHARLES Q. TIRRELL, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

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VIOLINS MADE TO ORDER, AND CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Prices from \$20.00 to \$35.00.

Repairing done at short notice.

AND ON REASONABLE TERMS.

AS PLEASE GIVE ME A CALL.

ISRAEL A. DAILEY,

LINCOLN SQUARE,

WEYMOUTH LANDING.

W. F. BURRELL,

TEACHER OF PIANO, ORGAN, AND CLARINET,

Commercial Square,

EAST WEYMOUTH, 24th St.

C. L. WELLINGTON,

Cabinet Maker,

Shop at M. G. Brown's Furniture Warehouse,

WEYMOUTH LANDING.

PARISH ATTENTION PAID TO

Church and Store Cleaning.

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CARPENTERS JOINING

of all kinds done at short notice, and

FURNITURE REPAIRED

in the best manner.

BURRELL & HERSEY,

Painters and Glaziers,

Paints, Oil, Glass, Varnish, Putty, Glue.

[Old Stand of W. T. Barrett.] Weymouth Landing.

LITERATURE.

THE CHURCH CLOCK.

BY ELIZABETH H. FERN.

Down in the moonlight, in the shade of the deserted street, And very weary feet, When soft and slow and sure I heard a great heart's

Solemn beat.

The great strong heart of Time!

Up near the steeple-tops, I listened as he sighed and moaned

With muffled wing and knock, Till a benediction fell in the beating of the clock.

"My soul," I said, "it said, 'I am a mortal machine! Beyond me is Eternity, And mystery between.'"

The subtle force that makes me move this in the Dark Unseen.

"Behind all springs and wheels, Behind all human life, I know it surely well, And in this dull material leaves me to do this will."

When the last trump shall sound, And stars fall from the sky, This lofty power and great heart Low in the dust shall lie!

But I set free from springs and wheels, out from The wreck shall fly."

It was as though the clock Had spoke these words to me. I had not even wished for faith, So deep my misery!

Oh! all the glory of the world! But years for better things, In flesh and blood, in stone and steel, The prisoners wait for wings.

The whole creation groans now, but Heaven sends and sings.

A FALL FOR LIFE.

The merchant ship Dravid, from Bombay for London, lay becalmed off the west coast of Hindostan, between Gos and Madagadore, where the Ghaut Mountains were seen towering in savage grandeur, thousands of feet in the air, with wild torrents leaping down the rocks, pouring through the dark green shrubbery, and rushing with the din of thunder.

"If the wind doesn't rise ere to-morrow morning, we will have to anchor," said the captain to Robert Winfield, a handsome young naval lieutenant, on leave of absence from his frigate, stationed on Bombay.

"I don't want to lay the ship's bones on the coast, nor do I like to get too near to it. I have heard bad stories of the natives there; at any rate I believe that almost every Hindoo is a thief and murderer by nature!"

Hell Upton, daughter of Major Upton, who was bound home from his India regiment, on sick leave, heard these words, shuddered, drew closely to the side of her invalid father.

A quick glance was then exchanged between her and the young naval lieutenant, whose reassuring look seemed at once to dispel all fears.

Major Upton noticing the glance, frowning, said to his daughter: "Come, Bell, let us go below."

Winfield had been a suitor of Bell's since she came to visit her father at Bombay, some months before. The girl favored him, but not so the Major, who wanted her to choose a wealthier lover.

Hell was beautiful, with a form of unrivalled grace, brown eyes, a clear pearl-white skin, with little color, and dark golden hair that fell in rippling masses over a pair of magnificent shoulders.

The lieutenant watched her admiringly, till she disappeared in the cabin. "No harm shall befall her; not while I live!" he thought, as he now glanced anxiously at the coast. "We have arms aboard, have we not?" he added aloud to the captain.

"Aye, aye, sir, but it isn't likely we shall be attacked. We are full two leagues from the coast, and before we are near enough to be landed, a breeze will spring up. I have no doubt."

A few hours later, night closed round the ship.

The sky was covered by thick clouds, which obscured the moon and seemed to betoken that a breeze would come before long.

Meanwhile the ship, having drifted a league nearer the coast, the lieutenant thought the captain very careless not to have more than his one lookout for wind ported on so dark a night.

Before eleven o'clock the quarter-deck was deserted by all save the officer of the watch, a lazy fellow, who was now stretched on the carpenter's chest, half asleep, while the watch forward, who stood leaning over the rail, audibly perceived the light of a lantern in the fore-cabin, lying on the mainmast.

Not feeling sleepy, the young lieutenant resolved to go on to the mizzen-top-sail-yard to watch for the first sign of a breeze.

Arrived on the yard, the gloom was so intense that he could not see the water below, although as he still gazed in that direction, he felt reality, or only imagination?—he thought he could detect a dim outline of something round the ship's stern!

He was about descending, when the clouds, parting over the moon, a flood of silvery light was poured down on ship and water, revealing a spectacle that thrilled the young man with horror—a scene so unexpected that his very heart seemed to stand still.

While he was about half a dozen had come on to the quarter-deck, and now stood with her back to the rail, about

a foot from it, her head bowed, as if she was in deep thought, so that her beautiful white neck shone like polished ivory in the clear moonlight.

Unseen, unheard by the young girl, a Hindoo, with a long, lithe body, naked to the waist, had clambered the side, from a large canoe containing half a dozen of his companions, and had contrived to glide, serpent-like, on the outside of the ship, until he had obtained a position directly behind her, when he had drawn a large dirk, which he was now on the point of plunging into the snowy neck of the fair passenger, that she might give no alarm.

The lieutenant's hand clutched the yard like a vice as he beheld the young lady's peril.

He must save her—he would save her, he thought; and yet, how was this to be done?

To give an alarm would only hasten the girl's doom; to descend, no matter how quickly, by means of one of the backstays, would be of no use, as she would perish before he could reach the deck and attempt to stay the deadly hand.

There was no time to lose; in three seconds the dirk would descend, and the girl would be killed at one stroke, so that the murderer's companions, who had already begun to ascend the vessel's side, could pounce on the drowsy occupants of the deck, and, slaying them, make themselves master of the ship almost before a warning could be given.

Like a lightning flash, the instinct of love, the resolution to save Bell in some manner from this immediate attack, sent a sudden thought to the brain of the agonized spectator.

The Hindoo, however, in his position on the outside of the ship, was under the lieutenant's although about fifty feet below him; while the girl, standing two feet from the rail, was within easy reach of the native, whose arm and body, as stated, were now drawn back from the bulwarks, to give force to the meditated blow.

The young man, therefore, deemed that it would be an easy matter to reach the Hindoo in the only way it could now be done, with sufficient rapidity to prevent the accomplishment of his deadly purpose—a way at once novel and desperate, and which would, perhaps, involve his own destruction.

In a word, lieutenant Winfield, not hesitating to risk either life or limb for the woman he loved, resolved to drop down from near the end of the mizzen-top-sail-yard upon the Hindoo, forty feet below, and then dash him by the rail into the sea, perhaps killing him ere he could deal the fatal blow with his uplifted dirk.

He would utter a shrill cry—a warning to the crew—as he leaped the rail, thus rousing them, perhaps in time to meet the attack of the robbers, and ensure the further safety of Bell and the ship.

The emergency admitted of no delay. The young man, clutching the yard near the end, hung by it a second, to make sure he was in a line with the Hindoo beneath; then, just as the dirk was about to descend, he leaped the spar with a long, wild cry that pierced every corner of the ship, and down he went, cleaving through the air with terrific velocity.

There was a whirling, rushing sound, then a loud thud, as the heavy boot-heel of the falling body crashed upon the head of the dusky native ere he could use his knife, dashing him from the rail into the sea, and killing him instantly.

The watch had heard the warning cry of the lieutenant; and ere the other natives could recover from their surprise caused by the unexpectedly broken up, suddenly the decks were alive with the whole crew, upon which the gang of robbers beat a hasty retreat.

Meanwhile Bell Upton had been so bewildered by that sudden, fearful cry she had heard, and the subsequent splash of the two bodies falling in, that she did not till a boat was lowered and the lieutenant, who had been struggling in the sea, was brought aboard and in the cabin, to explain in a faint voice how he had saved her life, did she clearly comprehend all that had taken place.

Then she threw herself down, the prostrate form of her lover, and hung over him in agony, fearing that he was fatally injured.

Soon, however, the ship's doctor gave cheering information to the contrary.

The young man had sustained a fearful shock from his contact with the Hindoo's body; but as that body had offered little resistance to his downward progress when he struck it—in fact, as it had simply been driven before him into the sea—his lower limbs, although partially paralyzed for the time, were not broken.

He had, however, fallen dangerously near the rail; a roll of the ship to the other side, ere he had got to the spail-yard to descend, would have caused him to fall on the bulwarks, when, of course, he would have been killed.

"Never before," said the doctor, "did I hear of such a daring performance."

"Aye!" exclaimed Major Upton, with admiration and astonishment, "I had been told that Bell, she shall have been for her well-earned glory!"

He had both limbs of his daughter's, who had clasped her lover's neck, in the lieutenant's arms, and turned his head to hide a few tears on his bronzed cheek.

Immediately after the young man had been brought aboard, an off-shore breeze springing up, enabled the captain to head seaward.

THE SLANDEROUS PRESS.

An industrious and earnest and dignified press deserves the highest commendation. To an editor who limits himself within the legitimate confines of his profession is due an unusual measure of praise. A sheet that wantonly assails character should be visited with extraordinary severity. "Good men mourned when the era of newspaper slander was inaugurated in California. Say what you may the human family loves tradition as do hyenas putrid carcases. Both sexes and all classes gloat over unimpaired reputations with dental glee. It is a foul instinct that no education or elevation can eradicate from the human heart. When the massacre of character is ennobled in the form of printed matter, then is there experienced a joy almost sublime. We say the editor who parties or trifles with the fame of a citizen deserves the severest reprobation—the most scathing anathema. A veritable calumny may run along from month to month, but it will flag and tire in time. If unattended, it will rebound most injuriously upon its pugnant author; then has the vilified one his personal address upon the base conductor. It is true, the letter of the law may inhibit such summary vindication; but a just public sentiment, paramount to legislative enactments, may, or justify falling to the earth a convicted slanderer. There starts in our pathway, and as our savior, the supreme law of self defense, the main constituent of man's erect nature that allies him with the Deity.

It is very wonderful, at this late day, that a human being can resist, to the bitter death, an attack on his person, and yet remain inert and powerless when his immortal part, the very salt and savor of his existence, is assailed. Character is the aroma, the sweet perfume of the soul. Bright it, and no healing efficacy can buy up or restore. More right have we to defend and guard those who would character, than those seeking to mutilate our course and material bodies. If, then, the principles of self-defense apply against the slanderer whose venom is limited to a meager neighborhood, shall the more powerful blinder insert the fangs with impunity?

The malice of one dies out from very apathy; or an intelligent community hastens to repudiate the charge and condemn its author. But come for the press, cutting off the sale of infancy, and it becomes a living thing, endowed with immortality and ceaseless motion. It becomes an earnest constituent of the very atmosphere we breathe. The press has a myriad of sympathetic tongues, and its utterance is heard alive on mountain top and over broad savannas and through deepest ravines.

A name wounded by the press will writhe forever. The victim may die and his bones moulder away, but the slander still about his tombstone. The injured one may play the editor after impoverishing him by legal restraints, but he cannot restore the printed calumny. The earth is full of it, and the newspaper is as undying as God's stars.

When the press of California steeped itself in slander, it did a vast hurt to itself. It mingled aloes with the draught of its existence. It painted the chalice with an æon shade. It created a disease in the public mind, which can only be alleviated by continuous and more poignant shudder. A newspaper conducted on sound principles, with its complement of late intelligence and literary excerpts and well digested editorials, is now too tame and insipid for the present vitiated taste. The press must contain something monstrous. The details of a murder or rape are very good, but the sheet is incomplete unless a character is dissected and its quivering muscles laid bare and bloody before the cannibal reader. No age or sex or condition must be spared. The nobler and slier the mark, the more vendible the paper. O! it is a rich savor to the newspaper scavenger, these hidden ghoulies that slay and reduce to putrefaction, and then feed on the corruption made, when citizens of public moment are agitating the public, and under pretext of party vigilance and under pretence of public duty, are poisoning the mind of the land. A pronouncement is offered for malice. Each refuted story, from boyhood up, is blazoned abroad. Good men are distorted and indiscreet men are tainted with crime.

The irreverence of the press is fast bestowing our public offices on the corrupt of the state. It is driving modest integrity into privacy. Such only as are indifferent to reputation, or who will purchase immunity for slander, will hereafter preface over the political arena. We deprecate the present low condition of a portion of the Californian Press. [Los Angeles Mirror.]

WISE SAWS.

The only wages never reduced—the wages of sin.

Ignorance has no light; error follows a false one.

Some people look at everything, yet really see nothing.

There is no grief like the grief which does not speak.

He who chatters to us purpose eludes a tree to catch fish.

He who takes advice is sometimes superior to the giver.

It is better to need relief than to want the heart to give it.

Those who know the least of others think the most of themselves.

The greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men.

Whittings.

HARPER'S Bazar says: "Ladies will wear camel's hair dresses this winter. We do not like to dispute such an authority as the Bazar, but we'll bet Mr. Harper 500 we know one woman who will wear the same old 88-cent waterproof all winter long."

A young lady recently carried off the highest prize in literary studies at the University of Naples.

"It is well that men's faults are not written on their foreheads," says a St. Louis paper. "And it is right," says a Chicago paper; "every forehead in St. Louis would have to be raked and additional built on."

"You want a divorce, and I am going to give you one free of cost," is what a San Francisco husband wrote to his wife before killing himself.

New York lawyers have come down a little more in the matter of fees, and are willing to leave a client a pair of boots to walk home in—if they are old ones.

It is said to have produced three-fourths of the supply of railroad in this country last year.

The proposition to introduce ladies as railroad conductors is frowned upon, in view of the fact that their trains are always behind.

Mr. Moody, when he was resting from his winter's work at Northfield, rested thus: He preached three times on Sunday, and took a place in the Bible class at noon.

A French paper points out how the passion for gambling is shown in England, so that even in winter notices it is necessary to state that there were "no cards."

A million and fifty-five thousand men are reported to be on the military register of the German Government.

A young lady, in conversing with a gentleman, spoke of having resided in St. Louis. "Was St. Louis your native place?" asked the gentleman. "Well, yes, part of the time," responded the lady.

It is doubtful whether the reign of gas will last much longer. At the present time nearly every shop in Brooklyn is lit, and brilliantly lit, with kerosene without any disagreeable odor being perceptible.

The first thing in a boat is the last.

The Bagnard monument, to be erected in Saratoga county, is shaped like a spire, and the Albany Times says that people who say, as they look at it, "How did the church happen to sink?"

"What Station do you call this?" said a man as he crawled out of the shells of a railroad smash-up. "Deviation," replied the conductor.

The religious sentiment in San Antonio, Texas, is overwhelmingly orthodox. An infidel delivered a lecture there against Christianity. On the following night he was whipped by a mob, and warned that if he ever again attempted to teach infidelity in that community he will be hanged.

The idea of teaching every girl to thump a piano and every boy to be a book-keeper, will make potatoes four dollars per bushel in twenty years.

Henry Gorham, a Utah Mormon, undertook to chastise his six wives with a horsewhip for disobedience. He had previously punished them singly many times, and had grown arrogant; but this time he had overdone his power.—The six wives joined hands, as they do, and before Gorham escaped he was so badly scratched, bruised, and bitten that his recovery was for a time doubtful.

There are queer nooks and corners yet left in Old England. A visitor to a country parson told how, when he accompanied him lately to take the duty in a remote parish, the sexton said: "Perhaps your reverence won't mind preaching from the pulpit, for we've got a 'tick stick' in the pulpit."

About 250,000 pistols have been made at Norwich this year. Orders are increasing, and many of the works are running day and night. The bridge-maker carriage works make some 700,000 carriages a day. They have supplied Russia with 40,000,000 Turkey 70,000,000, and have just got an order of 80,000,000, from Italy.

Girl to butcher—"How much is that big turkey a pound?" Dealer—"Twenty-five cents a pound." Girl—"Give me half a pound."

Thirty thousand people are engaged in the oyster trade of Baltimore, and more than seven hundred schooners and pongies form its Chesapeake oyster fleet.

A tramp applied to a lady for something to eat, and to the inquiry as to why he didn't go to work said there was no chance to work at his trade now. "The lady asked him what his trade was. "Shoemaking," was the confident answer. He got his dinner.

The centre of population of the United States is said to have travelled westward, keeping curiously near the thirty-ninth parallel, never getting more than twenty miles north or two miles south of it. In eighty years it has travelled only four hundred miles, and is still found nearly fifty miles east of Cincinnati.

Cost your nets in the right water, and they may take fish while you are sleeping.

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Weymouth, April 10, 1875.

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Teeth to have them. I will manufacture a
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any time during the hour.
Teeth extracted without pain, by the use of
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Paints, Oil, Glass, Varnish, Putty, Glas.
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LITERATURE.

THE MISTLETOE.

When cold winter winds hail the coming new year
And the frosty air is laden with snow,
On the mistletoe growing in the South may be seen
The mistletoe growing in the South may be seen
Like the evergreen pines in these regions of snow,
Adorning the landscape wherever they grow.
When the frosts of old age shall have whitened my
hair,
And my forehead is furrowed with wrinkles of care,
Like the mistletoe, bright on the frost-kissed tree,
May something attractive still linger with me:
A face, may be, where each beholder may read
Bright traces of many a generous deed.

A PRACTICAL JOKER.

There lived, in a village not far from
New York City, a gentleman, by name
Benjamin Top, who thought there was
nothing in life to equal a good joke.
He owned a small store and kept al-
most every article of domestic and ag-
ricultural use, and was thereby pretty
well acquainted with all the towns-
people, as they were likewise well acquaint-
ed with him.
Mr. Top had played on many pranks
on the people around him that for his
constant good humor, and his ability to
soothe the parties he had irritated al-
most beyond the point of endurance.
The first of April was Mr. Top's es-
pecial delight, and that was a smart
child who could enter his store on that
day without being made the victim of
some trick; so that from morn till night
of the first day of April his face was
one broad grin, and it happened that
all those who sought to catch him had
the laugh turned on themselves.
A few years ago, as the first of
April approached, our merry friend
looked around to see who would be a
fitting subject for a joke.
"I must have a first rate one this
time," said he to himself. "Who shall
it be? Let me think; ah! I have it—
Dr. Scroggins; yes, it shall be he.
What shall I send—a love letter? No,
he looks too woebegone for that."
After considering awhile, Top drew
the pen and ink near him and wrote as
follows:
Dr. Scroggins, Dear Sir:—Please
call as early as possible at Messrs. S.
& B.'s, No. — Wall street, New
York, where you will hear something
to your advantage."

Then, folding and directing the letter
he snapped his fingers with childish de-
light.
"I'll send him to New York on a fool's
errand," said he, "and have a good
laugh at his expense."
Dr. Scroggins, the subject of this
heartless joke, was a bachelor about
forty years of age. He had been living
in the village only six months, and had
thus far gotten a very small practice;
not that he lacked ability, but he was
awkward in his person, and in his man-
ner not very prepossessing, and, being
shy and reserved in his disposition, was
but little fitted to push his way into so-
ciety. He seemed to be very poor, for
he rented a small office, supplied him-
self with the simplest fare, and his
lounge acted as his bed at night.
The first day of April rose bright and
clear. Dr. Scroggins, who was an early
riser, prepared his simple breakfast,
and after partaking of it and arrang-
ing his office, took his seat to wait ex-
pected calls for consultation, or to re-
quest his attendance on some suffering
invalid. But no such calls were made
and the doctor sighed heavily, under
the pressure of disappointment.

"What can hinder my progress? I
understand my profession," he said;
"in not a single instance have I failed
to give relief when called to the bed of
suffering. Ah, me! If I had only
myself to care for, I would be content
to live on bread and water till I could
gain the confidence of the people. But
you, my poor sister, who have already
drunk deeply of the cup of sorrow, must
have more added to it! And what can
I do? Nothing!"

The doctor pulled a letter out of his
pocket, and read:
"I would not trouble you, my dear
kind brother," wrote his sister, "know-
ing as I do how poor your prospects are,
and how patiently you are trying to
wait for practice, did not want press on
me and my child. If you can spare me
a little—ever so little—it will come as a
blessing, for my extremity is very
great."

Just at this time the letter-carrier
stopped and handed the doctor a letter.
He opened and looked at it in perfect
amazement, then read it over for the
second time.
"Something to my advantage!
What can it be?" said he. "Dear sis-
ter, should there be anything in store
for me, how freely will I share it with
you and your darling Emma! Surely
the good God has heard and answered
my prayer."

The doctor, who had little prepara-
tion to make, started for the city, and
Top, who was on the lookout for him,
could scarcely hide his exultation at
seeing off an ineffective man who
could barely support himself, on an
endless errand of expense and trouble.
The errand, as he so happily possessed
the idea that some old relative (for he
had several) had died and left him a for-
tune, that he had, in imagination, made
various dispositions of it before he ar-
rived at the end of his journey.

"Can I see one of the gentlemen be-
longing to the firm?" asked the doc-
tor, entering the store of S. & B.
"There is Mr. S.," said the individ-
ual addressed, referring him to a mid-

dle aged, but benevolent-looking man.
The doctor bowed to Mr. S., who said:
"Will you walk in and take a chair, sir!"

Both gentlemen sat down. About
Mr. S. there was an air of expectancy,
which the doctor did not fail to notice.
"My name is Dr. Scroggins," said
he, repeating his first introduction.
"I am glad to see you, doctor," said
S., bowing again.

"I received a letter from your house,
directing me to call here as you had
something to communicate which would
be to my advantage."
"There must be some mistake," said
Mr. S., "no such letter has emanated
from us."

"Are you sure?" said the victim,
turning pale, and handing Mr. S. the
letter.
After looking it over he said:
"There is no truth in this letter; I
am sorry to say that you have been
made the victim of an idle and repre-
hensible jest; to-day is the first of
April."

"Is it possible?" said the doctor,
clasping his hands. "Who could have
been so unkind, so heartless and cruel?"
"Is it then a very great disappoint-
ment?" asked the kind-hearted mer-
chant, struck by the doctor's manner;
and by a few but adroit questions, he
soon found out more of his history than
he intended to communicate; he dis-
covered also that he was the son of one
of his earliest friends.

"Would you be willing to take the
position of resident physician at the
Hospital?" finally asked Mr. S.
"To one in my position," said he,
"such a place would be most desirable;
but I do not suppose I could obtain it."
"Why not?"

"I am a stranger here."
"Can you bring me testimonials of
professional ability?"
"I can—testimonials of the highest
order."
"Bring them to me, doctor, at the
earliest possible moment. I suppose
you are a man of family?"

"I am unmarried."
"That may be an objection. A fur-
nished house is provided for the posi-
tion, and a man of family is preferred."
"I have a widowed sister who would
most gladly join me."

"That will do just as well. Bring
your testimonials as soon as possible.
I think your April fool letter has turned
out something to your advantage, after
all," laughed Mr. S.

Affairs turned out to the satisfaction
of both the doctor and the kind-hearted
merchant. In less than a month he
found himself and sister settled in com-
fortable quarters with a salary of twelve
hundred dollars per annum; moreover,
for certain duties required of her at the
hospital, his sister received two hun-
dred dollars in addition.

Mr. Top, in the meantime, looked in
vain for the doctor's return, and thought
that the mortification at being made an
April fool and the fear of being laughed
at, kept him away.

"Where is Doctor Scroggins?" he in-
quired of one and another.
He told his friends that he had sent him
to New York on a fool's errand, the
first day of April, and he was no doubt
ashamed to come back.

"Look out for next April," said they;
"the doctor will be even with you
then."
"It will take a brighter genius than
he to fool me," replied Top.

The first day of April came round
again, and Mr. Top expected certainly
to hear from Dr. Scroggins, who, he
thought, could never forgive him. Sure
enough, he received a letter from New
York which he read it:
"Mr. BENJAMIN TOP, Dear Sir:—If
you will call at Messrs. W. & H.'s, No. —
Wall street, you may hear something
to your advantage."

"Our friend Scroggins is a wit!" said
he, "but he will find me too wide awake
to be caught in this trap. Catch me
trudging off to New York on a fool's
errand. Does he think I haven't cut my
eye teeth? Dr. Scroggins don't know
this child, he don't!"

But still the idea haunted him that he
might be losing something by not heed-
ing the letter, and daunted in some de-
gree the pleasure he experienced in
having been too sharp for the doctor.
Five or six months afterward, Top
being in the city on business, happened
to meet Dr. Scroggins.

"How are you, Doctor?" said he,
grasping the hand of the physician, and
sailing one of the smiles peculiar to his
face when he felt that he had played a
capital joke on somebody.
"I am well; and how are you, Mr.
Top?"

"First rate," replied he, with irre-
pressible gloom. "You wasn't sharp
enough last April, Doctor."

"I did," replied the doctor.
"Well?"

"I called accordingly, and did hear
something to my advantage."
"What?" Tom looked very much
surprised and disappointed at the
same time. "And did you not write
me a similar one last April?"

"I am above such cold-blooded cruel-
ty, sir," said the doctor, in a tone that
marked his real feelings. "The person
who could do such a thing must have
something bad about his character, and
I want nothing to do with him, sir."

"Good morning, doctor," said Mr.
Top.
The two gentlemen bowed stiffly and
parted. Top felt very uncomfortable.
He finally decided to call at the place
referred to in his letter. Thinking it
might still be an April fool trick, he
made a few purchases for his store and
gave his name.

"Benjamin Top," said the person
with whom he was dealing. "Do you
reside in the city?"

Top told him the name of the village
in which he lived.
"Did you never receive a letter from
this house?"

"I did; but as it was dated the first
day of April, I thought it was an April
fool trick, and never replied to it."

"Far from it," replied the man. "An
old gentleman from Ohio came here
about that time, and said he had a brother-
living in this State, and he was in
search of him or his children. We
heard that a man by the name of Benja-
min Top lived in your village, and
dropped him a line; but as no answer
came, we thought the information must
be incorrect."

"Where is he now?" asked Mr. Top.
"Dead. Your sister Mrs. Jessup,
who resided in this city, answered the
letter in person. She took him home
with her, and a short time after arriv-
ing there he died, leaving her the
whole of his property, amounting to
fifteen thousand dollars."

"He was my uncle," said Top.
"Then by not attending to our letter,
you are the loser of at least one-half of
his property."

Top went home a sadder man than
when he left it. He knew that it
would be in vain to appeal to his sister's
generosity, for she was a widow, and
poor, with five children dependent up-
on her; he had treated her with un-
kindness and neglect, and there was
little likelihood of her sharing her good
fortune with him.

Top was, after all, the real April fool;
and so great was his disappointment
and elation that never afterward was
he known to send an April fool letter,
or play a trick on one of his friends.

THE GLACIER OF THE RHONE.

It is not a sea of ice; it is a mighty tor-
rent, tossed by a tempest into the most
fantastic forms, and suddenly congealed!
As Coleridge puts it, "motionless tor-
rents, silent cataracts." Yet even this
is not the fitting simile; for from its
surface tall spires of clear, shining ice
spring into the air; solid shafts, of ir-
regular heights and shapes; and look-
ing down upon it, as we do from our
point of observation, deep chasms, long
ravines yawn before us, and reveal the
horrors of an ice grave for those who
venture to cross this dangerous field.

One large section, slightly more worn
by the sun and rains than the rest, was
tinged with pink and blue, and in the
shadows, cast by passing clouds, falling
on some of the pinnacles, and the other
being in the bright sunlight, showed
the most variegated, rosy and greenish
hues. Many of the columns were
translucent, and of exceeding beauty.
This glacier stretches fifteen miles up-
ward between the Gelmhorn and
Gershorn, and exceeds all the others in
the grandeur of its features and the
sublimity of its surroundings.

PROVERBS FOR THE MILLION.

Always put off till to-morrow what
you can do to-day, for by that means
you will have time to think how to do
it best, and with the least inconve-
nience to yourself.

Never do a man a favor. You will
thus avoid being pestered with a super-
fluity of false professions of eternal
friendship, gratitude and all that is bal-
dash.

If you borrow any money, never pay
it. You can console your conscience
by the belief that if the lender had really
needed it, you would not have got it;
and, if you had not borrowed it, he
would have spent it foolishly.

Whittlings.

—The Ottomans make a lively seat
of war.

—The society formed in France a
year or two ago for the purpose of sur-
veying for a canal to unite the Atlan-
tic and Pacific by the Darien route, is
making progress in its operations. Its
explorers are busily at work in the Un-
ited States of Columbia.

—Vegetable patches are often found
on the outskirts of the city.

—Two men were riding in the cars
the other morning, when one asked the
other if he had a pleasant place of res-
idence. "Yes," was the reply. "We
have seven, nine large rooms over a
store." "Over a store! I shouldn't
think that would be a quiet place."—
"Oh! it is quiet enough. The folks
don't advertise."

—Every Russian soldier actually
present at the close of war, will, accord-
ing to the terms of a decree just issued
by the Emperor, be capable of a pro-
motion to an officer's rank for distin-
guished military service.

—A lover of good coffee entered a
grocery recently, and, holding up a
handful of ground coffee from a big
can, he inquired: "Are there any beans
in this coffee?" "No, sir," promptly
replied the grocer. "How do you
know?" asked the man. "Because I
was out of beans and had to put pens
in it!" was the answer.

—The venerable Prof. Dana, of Yale
College, has distinguished himself by
eluding through the streets a sharper,
who nearly cheated him out of five dol-
lars by professing solicitude for a sick
man, catching him and lodging him in
jail.

—A Rochester girl of a humorous
disposition ordered sent to persons
who did not want it, despatched anony-
mously letters to excite the jealousy of
husbands and wives, had coffins deliv-
ered at sick folks' houses, and had phy-
sicians to make night searches for imagi-
nary patients. At length the police caught
her at her pranks.

—The owner of one of the most
fashionable barrooms in Chicago is a
bankrupt. Among the claims against
him is one of a druggist for 1,000 "for
materials used in compounding liquor."

—Charles Lockwood broke out of
Fitchfield, Conn., jail, and a policeman
looked all over the prisoner's house for
him. When about to give up the
search, the officer, who was standing in
the cellar, saw at his feet a human nose
sticking out of the earth. It was Lock-
wood's who was speedily dug out and re-
turned to jail.

—A man died on a canal boat in New
York last week. Probably of a slow
fever.

—The highwayman who robs a cir-
cus treasurer these days gets about
thirteen cents and a bottle of hair-dye.

—A cow deliberately committed sui-
cide the other day, near Lake City,
Minn., by jumping from a high bluff.

A young man who has deposited
all his valuables at the sign of the three
bells mediates writing a book entitled
"That Uncle of Mine."

—The wife who is presented with a
new water proof by her husband, ex-
claims, "water proof of affection!"

—Some sixty Indians are still pris-
oners in the old fort at St. Augustine,
Fla.

—A correspondent, whose colored
servant asks for frequent leaves of ab-
sence, says she is the most luvetuous
Dinah out he ever knew.

—A Chinese baby was refused as a
competitor in a San Francisco baby
show.

—Whatever may have been the opin-
ion on the Japanese war, a large pro-
portion of the American people will be
on the side of Turkey this month—the
outside.

—Since the Chinese war England
has reduced her national debt from
\$900,000,000 to \$712,000,000.

—The first animals that came out
of the ark were a pair of calves. They
were on Noah's legs, however.

—Closest and his son lived together.
They were both exceedingly econ-
omical in their habits. One day the
old man fell dangerously ill, and asked
his son to run for a physician. Closest
Junior, with a long face: "But, fa-
ther, you know how these doctors
charge." "Never mind, my son. It
will be cheaper. Funerals are awfully
expensive just now."

—It is said that the Chinaman is in-
capable of civilization. Facts disprove
this assertion. Ah Chung had been
working in San Gabriel, Cal., and re-
ceived a check for \$154. The figures
were raised by a dollar to \$155, and the
amount was paid on demand.

—A Chicago man's young wife cu-
stained him with selections from
Wagner, after which he expressed him-
self as resigned to go to bed, where he
slept very soundly. Toward midnight
calls assembled in the back-yard and
yowled frightfully. The sleeper did
not get up and throw look-jacks at them
but turned on one elbow and whispered
in his dreams: "Sing it once more,
Elvina. Sing it once more." She
sings it no more, nor anything else; but
thinks of beating her piano into kind-
ling-wood and turning her music-book
into curl-papers.

—The United States average a year-
ly loss of fifty millions of dollars by
fire. Insurance companies pay it.

Weymouth Gazette.

BRAINTREE REPORTER.

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NO. 30.

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Teeth for the poor are given on the most
favorable terms. I place my best efforts to meet the
expectations of my patients in the future.
OFFICE CORNER WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. E. TO
SOUTH WEYMOUTH, JULY 17, 1877.

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tly attended to.
SOUTH BRAINTREE, MASS.
WEDNESDAY MORNING 7 A. M. TO 7 P. M.

LITERATURE.

AN AUTUMN SCENE.

BY E. F. LOTHROP.

Green tints variegate the woods
Beneath a sky of crimson hue,
But rich down the hollow broods
Where late the pink and daisy grew.
The rustic paths through forests grand,
With sere brown leaves are shrouded o'er;
The scythe has shorn the clover, and
The harvest songs are heard no more.

The blossoms from the dabbler fall
Like showers, and strew the garden lane,
And violets to the bright sun share
That loving hands were wont to train.
The purple asps droop at last
Amid the dead leaves 'round it blown,
And wither at the North wind's blast
That surges with a dreary moan.

At sunset o'er the meadows brown
Advancing shadows slowly span
As though the lane comes tripping down
Melinda, with her milking can.
A fern-leaf garland hangs her brow;
Her rosy cheeks are flushed with fun;
Her cheeks are red as Winslow's bluish
When kissed by Indian Summer's sun.

A mournful sadness haunts the stream
As in its course it flows along,
The stars that in bright beauty gleam
It seems to covet in its song.
But, rambling to a brimming pool,
That skirts the banks of moss and fern,
It sees the glittering midnight stars
Reflected in its bosom burn.

Of all the views from vale or stream
Most charming is behold I know,
Or gild a scene from Autumn scene,
Was 'Linda and the bridled cow,
When 'Linda Sykes with modest mien
To milk the bridled cow essayed,
It was the picture of the scene—
All other views were in the shade.

Barnstable Patriot.

MRS. BROWN'S PARTY.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

"Do you know, Tom, that I want
something?"
"That's nothing so new for you, Kit,
that I should be very much surprised at it,"
said Dr. Tom, lightly, pinching his
wife's rosy cheek.

"But this is something new, some-
thing I've never had before, and I don't
know as you'll think I ought to have it
now; but I want to—I've set my heart
on it."

"And what is this wonderful 'it,' that
you're afraid to ask for?"
Pretty little Mrs. Brown balanced
herself on her tiptoes, to get her rosy
lips near enough to her husband's
ear, and whispered,

"A Thanksgiving dinner-party."
Dr. Tom laughed.
"Is that all? Why, you've begun
about it in good season. It's only the
first of November, to-day."

"Not a moment too soon to begin,"
she answered, seriously. "Why, Tom,
I don't believe you understand just
what I mean. I want an elegant din-
ner, with a professed caterer to manage
it—plenty of flowers, and a few new
table ornaments for the occasion."

Dr. Tom whistled.
"You know, dear," she said, con-
trarily, "we've been married over three
years, and we've never given a Thank-
sgiving dinner yet, though we've been
to one every year."

"Heaven to them, yes, because the in-
vitations came from relations of yours,
to whom you thought it wouldn't do to
say no; and a great bore I confess I've
found it. As for our not having given
one, as we never kept house until last
May, and Thanksgiving doesn't occur
in the summer, that fact is not so very
extraordinary."

The young wife pouted a little—just
the most becoming pout in the world.
"Well, you needn't have gone, if it
was such a bore; but since we did go,
what will they all think if we make no
return of civilities?"

Dr. Tom answered her question, like
a true Yankee, with another:
"How much will 'it' cost, Kit?"
"O, I've thought of all that," she re-
turned, eagerly. "Not so very much.
I guess the caterer would charge about a
hundred dollars for the kind of enter-
tainment we want. Then flowers for
the rooms, and a few extra ornaments
for the table—fifty, perhaps—say, in all,
a hundred and fifty dollars."

"Well," said her husband, "take a
piece of paper and put your estimate
down on one side of it."
"O, you dear Tom, you are going to
let me have the party!"
"I haven't quite made up my mind.
I was thinking of some guests we ought
to ask, if we make the feast. You
know we are to 'call' the poor, the
nursed, the lame, the blind."

"How droll you are, Tom. I don't
suppose that means that we are to take
all our friends out of almshouses, and
never ask anybody else to dinner. Do
you?"

"No, Kitty, I think it refers to the
spirit of our feast-giving, whether we
give hoping to receive again, or to the
expectations of our guests in the future.
I have been thinking of the latter.
I have been thinking of the latter.
I have been thinking of the latter."

"Yes, it's been what she's set her
heart on, and I expect it'll half kill her
to give it up. But—there, if folks can't
they can't."

"Good logic," and the doctor, hav-
ing written his prescription, turned to
go. He knew his wife was thinking
these things over, for she was silent
again when he sat in the chair beside
her, and after a while he saw her quiv-
er, over her shoulder, he read under
the invalid chair another entry—
"Clothes for Nora, \$30.00," and she re-
marked, quite reproachfully, as it
seemed—
"I don't believe I wear my dresses
so charming, in her bright-colored

wraps and gay fall bonnet, that the doc-
tor may be excused for a little pardon-
able pride as he helped her into his
chaise.

They bowed rapidly along for awhile,
over the level roads; the keen, cool
wind stinging Kitty's cheeks into a
deeper crimson. She was sorry when
they came to their first stopping-place,
and her husband lifted her out and led
her into a humble little house. Every-
thing was neat, and not without a cer-
tain air of taste. Some flowers grew
in the windows, a picture or two hung
on the walls, and the occupants of the
room into which they went did not con-
sider the general impression of refine-
ment. A delicate, middle-aged woman
got up from her sewing to let them in,
and on a stool in one corner, ill, as it
afterwards appeared, with disease of the
spine, lay the loveliest girl the doctor's
wife had ever seen. It was not alto-
gether the depth of her eyes, the regu-
larity of her features, the clear, soft
coloring of her complexion—though all
these were faultless—but there was such
a look of patient sweetness, such an in-
describable expression of unworldliness
and purity, as made Mrs. Brown think
of a sentence she had read once—"It
for earth became fit for heaven."

"I have brought my wife to see you,
Alice," Dr. Tom said, making Kitty sit
down by the bedside. "I have to go
across the way to Mrs. Grey's, and I'll
leave you two together, for five minutes,
to get acquainted."

When he came back he saw a look in
his wife's eyes which he knew well—a
look which she had won her way to
his love in her young girlhood—which
only came out in her best moods—when
her heart was stirred, but by which the
doctor loved to think he should know
her in heaven. She spoke to him en-
gagingly as he came.

"O, Tom, isn't there any way which
could be contrived for Alice to sit up,
and be moved about some? It does
seem so hard for her to lie here every
day and all the day."

The mother glanced up from her
work, and anticipated the doctor's an-
swer:
"We're looking forward to that.
There is a kind of invalid chair of
which Dr. Brown told us, made on pur-
pose for people with spinal complaints
in which she could sit up, and be
moved about the room. We mean to
have one some time, but every thing
has been so dear, of late, that we could
not have saved much. We are both working
for it, though."

"Both? Can Alice do any thing?"
Alice smiled, her bright, wonderful
smile.
"O, yes," she said, cheerfully. "I'm
lazy this morning, but I crochet yards
and yards of trimming; and she drew
a ball of it from under her pillow. "It
amuses me, and I can use my hands,
you know. I mean soon to begin to
crochet worsted. I think I could make
little sleeves and capes, and the bright
colors would be a feast for my eyes."

The doctor's wife was silent for
while after they had started on their
way. At length she spoke, abruptly:
"Tom, how much does one of those
chairs cost?"

"Fifty dollars would buy one at El-
lett's. He makes them himself, and
is glad to sell them cheaper than they
do in the furniture stores."

"Oh, I wish I had a paper. I should
like to put the sun down and look at
them some time. Alice ought to have
one, such a brave, cheery little creature
as she is."

"Yes," the doctor said thoughtfully,
"trouble has surely done its work in
her case, and brought her into heaven-
ly peace. Here, Kit!"

He took the paper out of his pocket
and handed it to her, the side on which
she had made her other memorandum
folded in. She wrote a line on it, and
then put it into her own pocket.

Their next call was in a less inviting
stopping-place. Things were neat
enough, but not tasteful. Mrs. Brown
felt a little bored, at first, while her
husband talked rheumatism and neu-
ralgia with the oldish woman, who was,
it seemed, his patient. But soon the
doctor asked after some one whom he
called "Nora."

"She's at school," was the answer,
"but I'm afraid I shall have to take
her out after this term."

"Can't you spare her?" the doctor
inquired, with interest.
"O, yes, I can spare her well enough,
and we don't mind her board; but her
father says every thing costs so much
that he can't afford to buy clothes for
her, so she'll have to get a place to
work and earn them herself."

"It's a pity, too," Dr. Brown said,
sympathizingly, "she is getting on so
well. She told me the other day she
should be ready for the Normal school
next fall. If she could only get through
there, and be a teacher, she would earn
so much more, and like it so much bet-
ter."

Yes, it's been what she's set her
heart on, and I expect it'll half kill her
to give it up. But—there, if folks can't
they can't."

"Good logic," and the doctor, hav-
ing written his prescription, turned to
go. He knew his wife was thinking
these things over, for she was silent
again when he sat in the chair beside
her, and after a while he saw her quiv-
er, over her shoulder, he read under
the invalid chair another entry—
"Clothes for Nora, \$30.00," and she re-
marked, quite reproachfully, as it
seemed—
"I don't believe I wear my dresses
so charming, in her bright-colored

out one bit closely, do you Tom? And
I don't care a thing about that parasol
cover the old clothes woman gave me
for the last lot."

They made a dozen other calls be-
fore they went home, and after nearly
every one of them Mrs. Brown's dinner
paper came out of her pocket, and
something or other went down on it.
Now it was coal—now tea—now blan-
kets—until the list looked quite im-
mense.

At last, as they drove home, she said,
with a pretty little affectation of pet-
tishness—
"It's no wonder, Tom, if you've shown
me a fair specimen of your patients,
that you've no money to throw away.
I've been ashamed of you to collect a bill
from any of them. But I do believe
you took me to see all the poor ones."

"The maimed, the lame, the blind?"
Dr. Tom suggested.
"Yes, Tom, the poor guests," and
Kitty's bright eyes grew strangely dim.
When she was alone she took out
her paper and examined it. She had
appended to each item its probable cost.
Now she added up her figures, and the
estimate amounted to \$147. The paper
looked familiar, and she turned it to
glance at the other side, and read—
"Thanksgiving dinner . . . \$100
Flowers, ornaments, sundries 50
\$150

Then she pondered these things in her
heart.

Dr. Brown went out again in the af-
ternoon for another round of visits, and
when he came home at night for his
supper, he found himself a worn-out
man.

Kitty fluttered around in her billike
make, made him sit in the easiest chair,
patted him, sang to him, and comforted
him generally, till at last he was ready
to talk.

"Here little one," he said, cheerily,
and she went and sat down on a stool
by his side. "I've thought better of
that dinner matter, and you may make
your feast if you please. I'll put in
to her land three crisp, new fifty dollar
bills. There, dear, you may do just
as you like with these. I shall never
imagine into their fate—only of course I
shall come to your dinner—if you ask
me."

Four days after that Dr. Brown went
alone over precisely the same round
he had taken with his wife. He found
Alice sitting at the window, in the
most of invalid chairs, looking so bright-
ly glad and thankful as she saw him
that he could not forbear asking her
whether she had found the philoso-
pher's stone.

"Better than that," she said, "Doc-
tor, your wife is an angel."
"Is she?" Dr. Tom answered, with
a quaint surprise; "why, where does
she sleep her wiles?"

"Hush! You don't deserve her.
She sent me this chair—she just think
of it! and yesterday she came out to see
how it suited me, and when I remon-
strated against her spending so much
money, she told me, with a tender
sweetness that made her gift ten times
more precious, 'It was given me by my
best friend, just for my own pleasure;
and it's a pleasure, Alice.'"

It was well that Black Jack knew his
master's ways, for the doctor's eyes
were dim when he got into the chaise
again, and he held the reins but care-
lessly.

He stopped next to inquire after
Mrs. Grant's rheumatism, and found
her quite full of another subject.

"O, doctor, Nora can keep on at
school. Do you know what your wife
has done? She's given me thirty dol-
lars to fit her out with new boots and
rubbers and petticoats and such neces-
sary things; and she's sent me dresses
enough for her own to make over for
her, so she'll look like a lady. And she
says she is going to take Nora into her
special charge, and she shall go to the
Normal school, and be a teacher, and
do good enough to others afterwards to
pay it back."

Then he went to the woman who
wanted tea, and the poor old soul
needed blankets; and all the rest. His
wife, he found, had not forgotten the
wants of one of them. He understood
the fate of his three fifty dollar bills;
but he thought he had never spent any
money with more of heart's content and
willingness.

That night, when Mistress Kitty was
sitting snug at his side, as usual, he said,
gravely—
"So you are not going to ask me any
Thanksgiving dinner?"

"O, Tom, how did you know?"
"I have been told times enough to-
day that my wife was an angel to find
out something. But you are not going
to make a feast for me?"

"How could I, when you had shown
me how much better it was to use the
money for the poor?"

"Then don't let us go to any, either,
whoever invites us. I want to stay at
home this one Thanksgiving, were it
only to thank God in peace for the gift
of my wife."

So Dr. Tom and his Kitty will eat
their Thanksgiving dinner alone; but I
think they have fulfilled the command
to "call the poor, the maimed, the lame
and the blind." May they be recom-
pensed at the resurrection of the just!

A beauty who went to the photo-
graphed at a seaside resort, after tak-
ing her seat in the chair of torture, was
thus addressed by the insinuating op-
erator: "Now, miss, you look at me as
if I was your young man and you'd
like me unexpected."

The N. Y. girl now wears leonine
in her hat.

"OH, YE TEARS."

Here is a story illustrative of the fact
that tears are a powerful weapon in the
hands of a matrimonially inclined mod-
ern Nobe.

There was a Southern merchant, a
handsome, dashing fellow, who aston-
ished all his relatives a few years ago
by marrying a very plain girl, the sister
of his business partner. The marriage
has turned out reasonably happy, but
it has always remained a mystery to the
society belles, who were ready to fall
into his arms at a word. It was tears
(and not "vile tears") that trapped him.

One evening he called at his partner's
house and found only the young lady at
home. Very artfully she led the con-
versation to her own affairs, and told
him that she was a perfect slave to her
sister, tyrannized over and ill treated,
and that life had become such a burden
to her that she should rid herself of it
unless she could change her home.

The visitor tried to comfort her, but in
vain. Marriage was very far from his
thoughts just then, and he had no hope
to give anywhere. Nobe's tears fell
faster and faster, and at last they came
in an hysterical torrent. His ejacula-
tions of sympathy were in vain, when
she cried: "Oh, when shall I go? who
will give me a home?" "I would if I
dared offer you, poor girl," said the male
victim, and quick as lightning came the
response: "What would my sister say if
you married me?" What could the
man do under such circumstances? A
tolerably fair face was lying on his
bosom, a pair of grateful, loving eyes
(she did love him dearly) were looking
up into his, and a delicate little hand
had laid itself on his arm.

He did what any disengaged gentleman
would have been likely to do, pressed
his suit, secured her reluctant con-
sent, informed her sister of it, married
her, and did his best to make her hap-
py. She, in her turn, made him a good
wife. Little by little he discovered
her stratagem—but he never told his
wife of it.

WHAT RELIGION DOES FOR A MAN.

A man without religion is like a man
living in a planet unilluminated by the
sun. He has trees, fruit, grass and
flowers, streams and hills around them,
but they are only manifestations of dark-
ness; he has mountains, but they are
giant and gloomy crags; he has streams
but they are chill with the touch of
darkness and death; he has fruits, but
they have no sweetness for a ripening
sun; he has flowers, cold, coldness, and
dying; he has trials, but they are only
painful ascents to be climbed with un-
easy and unhelping patience; he has
work, but it is cheerless, empty, and
really useless for the chill stream of
death runs off all; he has prosperity,
but it is hollow and unpalatable; he has
friendships, but they are only for three-
score years and ten. But religion lets
a light upon all these. The sun has
risen upon the mountains, and a crown
of glory is on their crests; the light
falls on their rivers, and they sparkle
back radiance, and murmur along their
banks with joy; the fruits turn bluish
cheeks towards the sun, and every
dewer is robed in beauty; the sun rises
upon the life. Every trial is lightened
with the light of God's love; every la-
bor sparkles under the beams of his
command and his providence; all suc-
cess is sweet because it is his gift; all
friendship in him is doubly dear be-
cause clad in the vesture of immortali-
ty.

AT THE GATE.
A corpulent old lady who had the fat
of fifty summers on her ribs was at the
Detroit & Milwaukee depot yesterday
to go West on a train. She had a big
satchel and a little one, and was crowd-
ing through the gate to reach the car,
when the guard called out:
"Ticket, ma'am! Can't pass here
till I see your ticket!"
"I haven't time," she replied.
"Can't pass—can't pass!"
"I will pass!"
"Can't, madam. The rules are very
strict!"
"You'll make me miss the train!"
she shouted.
"Plenty of time, madam—train does
not go for fifteen minutes yet."

She backed out, put down her satch-
els, and after a long hunt she found the
key and opened the big one, and laid
after article was taken out and laid
aside, but she could not find the ticket.
The smaller satchel was submitted to
the same treatment, the woman all the
while growing to herself, and when ten
minutes had slipped away she looked
up and inquired:
"What ticket do you want?"
"Your railroad ticket, of course," he
replied.

"Why, I had that in my hand all the
time, you impudent fellow!" she ex-
claimed, as she hustled the things into
satchels.
"Then why didn't you show it, mad-
am?"
"Then why didn't you say railroad
ticket, sir? You want to understand
that there are a hundred different kinds
of tickets, sir, and if you ever stop you
must go to the head man of the
road at once!"

Mrs. Tompkins of Rochester stole a
pair of shoes, so as to spite her hus-
band by being sent to jail.

A man who believes he is divinely
commissioned to wreck railroad trains
has been imprisoned in Utah. He was
caught several times placing obstruc-
tions on the tracks.

THE MAN FROM "OLD KYHOG."

This man was from Cuyahoga Coun-
ty. He had a vessel on his ancient
plow. About this time half a dozen
other people entered the room.

Among them a young woman. She
sat down near him with her hand-satch-
el and shovel, gave him one swift look
of contempt, and then fastened her
eyes on the opposite wall.

The man from old Kyhog straighten-
ed up at once and drew up his feet,
gave his coat collar a yank, and be-
stowed upon her a long, lingering look.
She didn't mind it. Then he took up
his hat and stro

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LITERATURE.
WINTER SCENES.
What time, I think, in the frosty morn,
Prepared to face the fierce November storm,
His well-worn winter dress he eager seeks,
And in each closet he turns over his
"Bazaar" he cries, "my winter is not here,
Not in these place the heavy Bazaar appears,
My winter cap, when I would put it on,
From its accustomed place is surely gone.
I see no scarf; by Venus and her loves,
Some son of Mercury has robbed my gloves.
I think I shall go to the great grocery,
I'll clean out by a savings bank director."
To him, at length, with glowing, downward eyes,
Pathetic Pansyos distracted, cries
"Why should an utter stranger on the wall,
When August suns shone fiercely on us all?
Why should your winter boots impede our way,
When July emeralds held their festival day?
Go to! when autumn's sun was hot and strong,
The plaster Paris peddler came along,
Quick for the winter I changed each winter robe,
I think, I know, you seldom saw me come.
When you looked our plastered master piece."
He paused for a space; then, with a sigh,
And made ready to go of down stairs.
First, to move himself from snow and sleet,
Two plaster Paris kites on his feet,
A snow white angel with the purest eyes,
Napoleon, with his crossed arms firmly pressed,
He binds upon his cough-drenched chest,
Two jet black dogs with gilded collar bands,
He draws for gloves upon his trembling hands,
While a huge plaster Paris billy goat,
Swings over his shoulders for an overcoat.

A RACING INCIDENT.
It was in the "rush times" in the blue grass region. Cotton was undisputed king all through the southern states, and disputed the scepter with king coal in the north. Money was plenty and horse racing a passion. To own a winner was about as much glory as to be president, and the fortunate possessor of "Boston" or "Peytonia" an equally envied individual.
With the crowd that always gathered upon a "quirt week" it was not difficult to get up a "scrub race" and a "shake purse," at any time. The sheds were filled and fences lined with horse of every description, from the very best blood of Kentucky and Virginia to the broken down hack that had not sufficient ambition remaining to win the race.
The afternoon of the day was a fine one. The sun shone brightly, and the air was cool. The crowd was large, and the race was well attended. The horses were well matched, and the race was well contested. The crowd was well behaved, and the race was well run. The horses were well matched, and the race was well contested. The crowd was well behaved, and the race was well run.

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